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Chromfidence

by Kyubey

Summary

I guess I really needed an excuse to use that title. Also, rating will go up because I really want car sex.

Anyway, Chrom has a problem where every time he goes to confess to his best friend, something always prevents him from doing so. Hopefully, Chrom will catch a break at some point and confront Robin without looking like a fool.

Notes

Jackets are based on this design: http://blackoutballad.tumblr.com/tagged/Fire-Emblem

Chapter 1

Chrom currently sat idly in his seat at lunch, taking off his blue Shepherds basketball team jacket that had a red C on the left breast. His eyes were currently drawn to the boy talking to one of his darker haired female friends in the lunch line. He wore a team jacket, but the colors and symbol did not represent The Shepherds. It consisted of dark blue and purple with some gold, patterns and color schemes that could only be ones of Grimleal from Plegia High, The Shepherds' infamous rivals.

While the albino was wearing the colors of the school's most disliked opponents in any sport, Chrom knew he was very different from the students there. He was so smart… and caring. And cute. He had pretty brown eyes that always shined and he had soft hair that Chrom would like to touch, and-

"Chrom?"

Said boy jumped and flailed a bit, the voice having caught him off guard. Lissa, who sat on the other side of him, giggled and nudged her boyfriend, and long time friend of Chrom's, Frederick.

"Ah, R-Robin… Sorry," he breathed out, faced slightly flushed as he scootched over. When had he come? Chrom was sure he would have noticed Robin coming.

The albino smiled softly and took his seat next to Chrom. Robin had come to Ylisse in the middle of freshmen year, still having that Grimleal jacket that turned a lot of people off to him. Despite that, there were those who grew interested in him; such as Chrom and members of the science club like Tharja, who had also been a student from Plegia. It was soon found out and spread around that Robin had amnesia. From what, Robin couldn't say.

Robin lived with his mother near the school. He couldn't say anything about his dad or any other members of his family since he couldn't remember them. Why their parents didn't live together was a mystery as well. Up 'til now, their junior year, Robin was still finding new things about himself.

Chrom, too.

For a long time, Chrom had these *feelings* towards Robin that he was constantly debating and thinking about. Everytime they spent time together, Chrom found it hard to form words without stuttering and blushing like a fool for at least half of the time. It got so bad that the teen even started *dreaming* about him in a way best friends shouldn't be dreaming about and enjoying. Often times, when Chrom wasn't focused on basketball, his mind would drift to Robin. Sometimes, he would get scolded by Emmeryn, his eldest sister and school principal, for failed tests that Chrom had attempted to study for but ended in daydreaming about Robin's lips.

Chrom, captain of The Shepherds, was pretty sure he was in love with his best friend, Robin, captain of the science club. The conclusion didn't hit the bluenette too hard, it was coming out and spewing his feelings to Robin that did. Now, he knew Robin would be more than understanding, but Chrom *really* didn't want to mess up what he had with him.

That, and Chrom really didn't know how to even confess. Where would he start? How? When?

When confused, he always went to his wise sister, Emmeryn. After her was Lissa and Frederick. Emmeryn listened carefully from day one; where Chrom spilled out that he might have a not so small crush on Robin. She told him to follow his heart, wherever it may lead. When confronted

about confessing, she merely smiled and suggested he do it on a normal day of playing video games or something they did regularly.

Lissa, on the other hand, said that he outta take him out on a date to the movies; preferably one he wants to see. After that, on the walk home, he should "spill the beans." Frederick thought that Chrom should take him to his favorite restaurant, Gregor's Grill, after winning a basketball match.

Chrom tried them all. He really did.

The normal day spent with Robin was embarrassing. No one was home, so that left Chrom to be the man of the house and feed them. That didn't end well. First, his dog, Falchion, decided to greet them at the door with a pair of Chrom's underwear hanging from her mouth and Lissa's bra hanging off one ear. Later, when Chrom tried to start off his confession, Robin, who had been eating ice cream while he waited for Chrom to cook, frantically gestured to the flaming pan behind him. Not only that, Falchion found Robin's school bag particularly interesting that afternoon and decided to rip up the homework Robin spent days on. Robin had been upset, but not angry at Chrom by the time he left, having to leave early to redo the work that had been shredded.

The movie was a terrible idea. While Robin did pick the movie, it turned out to be quite boring for the both of them. When Chrom came back from refilling drinks, he pulled a Sumia and stumbled, resulting in their beverages split on Robin. By the time they got out, it was pouring rain. Robin called in sick for a few days after that.

His most recent attempt left Chrom hitting himself in the face. As Frederick said, Chrom's team won the recent match and invited Robin out for dinner. He thought he had it in the bag at first, but then, as Chrom was returning to his stool, he slipped on the apparently wet floor and nailed his head on the table. That was okay, that was cool. He was able to laugh it off. What *wasn't* fine was the fact Chrom ordered for Robin. It would had been okay if it wasn't for the fact the dish had peanuts in it, which Robin was allergic to. So, that evening had Chrom performing the heimlich and a trip down to the hospital to make sure Robin wouldn't be dying.

"Chrom? Chrom… You aren't still thinking about what happened, are you? I can literally feel you drowning in your own misery," Robin teased, nudging Chrom, "It could had been worse, you know? It's a good thing I'm not deathly allergic."

Chrom mumbled something unintelligible and went to bury his head in his arms. He could feel Robin setting his hand on his arm and rubbing comfortingly. It helped.

"If you want, we can hang out this week? I'll help you with studying and all that, so Emmeryn doesn't have to worry."

Chrom gulped, turning his head to look at Lissa, who nodded encouragingly. "You sure? I might end up trying to kill you again."

Robin laughed softly, making Chrom blush faintly and sit up. "If you wanted to kill me, you'd use your dog to attack me."

"That was one time; right when she met you and thought you were hurting me," he groaned, allowing all of his weight to lean against Robin.

Chuckling, the albino struggled to keep Chrom sitting up right, but ultimately let his head fall into his lap. It was comfortable and Chrom found himself wanting to stay there. Fingers lightly glided through his hair, making him lean against the touch. He guessed he dozed off because it felt like a moment later Robin was shaking him to warn him that lunch was ending.

“I’ll see you after school, okay?” Robin smiled as he rose to his feet and picked up his books, “Mom said we are going out to eat if you wanna come…”

Chrom perked up and nodded eagerly. “Yeah! Y-yeah… I’d like to go.”

“I would invite Lissa, but I think she has plans with Frederick.”

“That’s fine. I guess we’ll meet up in the usual place?”

“Always.”

With a grin, Chrom followed Robin out. His stomach still felt like it was flipping, but it wasn’t all bad...

Self Chromtrol

Chapter Summary

Party on. But don't get boners.

Chapter Notes

Birthdays are not accurate here. :CCC
I also feel like I'm setting up one of those cliche badfic events or whatever, but I really wanted some kissin and/or maybe a little bit of jealousy heh.

Chrom's hands twitch as he and his best friend walked side by side each other.

The weather, due to the oncoming fall, followed up by winter, the temperature was dropping. Chrom didn't mind the cold. But, Robin on the other hand was a completely different story. He must have grown up in a warmer region because the slightest temperature drop sent Robin fetching coats and gloves.

Today, he only had his jacket and a scarf. Chrom watched as the albino blew hot air into his hands in an attempts to keep them from "freezing off." The high school basketball star wanted nothing more than to take his hands and hold them as they made their way to his house. Chrom was *so close* in doing so, but ran into a pole. First, Robin worried over him, but once that he saw that he was okay, he laughed and took Chrom's hand, saying how he outta lead him back to his house without anymore accidents.

Chrom followed, his face heating up the longer they held hands. To his disappointment or relief, Robin let go when they were close enough to his house. It was a lot smaller than Chrom's; but then again, Chrom came from wealthy parents.

"Hello, Miss. Thundra," Chrom greeted when they entered the home.

The inside and outside was always kept nice and tidy. Chrom doubted there was even a tiny speck of dust covering anything here. After they small room they took their shoes off, they walked into the livingroom, across from it was a study area. Above that was the kitchen. If they kept going straight, they would reach the hall with the stairs leading to Robin's room.

The divorced woman poked her head up from the kitchen area, looking out over the counter to see the boys. Her white hair was in a messy bun, glasses sliding of the bridge of her nose. "Oh, hello, Chrom! Did Robin invite you out tonight? Will it be just you?"

"Just me today. Thought it would save you a rather large bill if I had Lissa and Frederick sit this one out."

Robin nudged Chrom, laughing softly. "Don't be mean. Mom, we'll be in my room."

Thundra watched the two boys disappear into the hallway. "Alright, dear. We will be leaving

soon!"

The two made themselves comfortable in Robin's rather small room. Both boys set their bags down, Robin dipping down to fetch something under his bed after. Chrom continued to stand at the door.

Okay, this was it. He could do it.

The atmosphere was calm and held no awkward tension, so this was perfect.
"Robin…" he started out, nibbling at his bottom lip lightly.

Robin slid out a box of games and observed them to decide what to play. "Yes, Chrom?"

"We've been friends for a while now, yeah?"

"Yes, that is a true fact."

Chrom gulped and willed his hands to stop trembling. He probably should've sat down for this. Knowing him, he'd collapse from being so nervous. Suddenly, a million things ran through his mind. Raising his head when Chrom paused, Robin gave him a questioning look.

"Chrom?"

Startled, face red, Chrom fisted his hands, getting ready to drop the bomb when the door flew open and respectively hit Chrom. Robin squeaked and crawled over to his fallen friend.

"Wha- Oh! Sorry, Chrom!" Thundra gasped, "I thought you boys would have dropped off your stuff already and were ready to leave!"

"I-I'm okay, Miss. Thundra. I've had worse…"

Robin snorted and tilted Chrom's head up to caress his cheeks to move his head from side to side. "Well, nothing is bleeding, so you aren't quite damaged. Though, you do feel hot…"

Chrom wanted to die right there.

The dinner wasn't bad. The food was nice as well as the conversations. The decided to go to Panne's Panini, which was just as good as Gregor's Grill. Chrom thought the evening would play out totally fine until Robin had to go under the table to fetch a fork he dropped.

Now, that was a totally innocent, by no means sexual, accident. But, with Chrom and his teenage hormones combined with his wild imagination, he single handedly managed to not only support a raging hard on, but to also do so in public while sitting in front of Robin's mother.

Yeah, no, Chrom would be okay dying right here.

While the three ate and talked casually, Chrom was trying to beat down his erection with unpleasant thoughts. To his mortification, *it wasn't working.*

Whatever bad thoughts he had was immediately replaced with a very appealing one involving Robin. When dinner ended and they got up to leave. Chrom took off his jacket and hung it over his arm in front of him. Robin scolded him and told him he would get sick if he continued doing that. Chrom would take that chance. Besides, it wasn't that cold out anyway.

When he got home, Chrom immediately headed to his room, flying past Lissa when she tried to greet him at the door. When he was safe in the walls of his room with the door locked, Chrom

shamefully pulled out his laptop to look up shameful videos and pictures. All of which he thought of reenacting with Robin. *Shameful.*

Shame on him for thinking of his friend in such a way.

He couldn't stop. That's what was scary about it.

It wasn't like Chrom was a needy, blushing virgin. Long from it. But with Robin… It was so different; and it wasn't just because he was a boy. Whenever he dreamt of Robin, his body would wake up to a wave of needy lust and soul crushing hormones. The videos of loud moans and hard sex only proved to be temporary relief. If he actually thought about it, he would have blushed just by imagining Robin in the place of the begging submissive man.

Robin was usually soft spoken, but in no means shy. He just usually never tended to raise his voice much. But, when being tickled, Robin could get very loud. Chrom realized this once he found out just how ticklish he was and attacked him. At the end of all the screaming and tickling, Robin's limbs went limp as he panted harshly with red cheeks. That was probably when Chrom figured out he felt something more than just friendship with Robin with the help of his imagination and heating lower half.

The next day, Saturday, Robin stopped by and was greeted by Lissa and Falchion. And it seemed like Lissa was trying to be extra helpful today, because she told him Chrom would be in his room. That wasn't a lie, but she could have said to wait for him to come down since he had just taken a shower.

Thus, Robin promptly walked in to a very naked Chrom with a very hard erection. It seemed like both of them were shocked at the sudden predicament because Robin kept staring at Chrom's dick and Chrom just stood there looking at him. Then suddenly, Robin slammed the door shut, shaking Chrom out of his shock and stumbling to throw some clothes on.

"Lissa," Chrom called out as he hurried down the stairs, "where is Robin? Why did you send him up?"

Lissa giggled and winked. "I thought it would help. He's in the bathroom."

"He's what? Why?"

"Who knows?" From the look in her eyes, it looked like she *did* know.
When Robin returned, he looked to Chrom and blushed. Other than that, he looked fine…

"S-sorry, Chrom…" he muttered, "Lissa said to go up. I should've knocked."

Chrom scratched the back of his head. "I know. It's fine. Is, uh…. Is Frederick waiting outside? Are we all ready to go?"

With a nod, Robin turned and made his way to the door. Chrom felt like he did something wrong, but it was all Lissa's fault for making Robin feel awkward. Outside was Frederick and his car. Inside were Gaius and Sumia.

"Hey guys!" Sumia smiled, waving out the window with her pink and purple striped scarf, "We have to hurry. Stahl said he can't stall Cordelia any longer!"

Gaius snorted. "You could have used that chance to say: 'He can't *stahl* her any longer.'"

Laughing when Sumia smacked his arm for the pun, Gaius presses himself against her more to make room for the other three entering the car. Lissa had the passenger seat, so it left the other four

in the back to be squished together. Robin was half sitting in Chrom's lap, much to his dismay and the whole car ride was forcing his hormones down whenever there was a sudden bump in the road and whatnot.

They got to Cordelia's house with no embarrassing incident on Chrom's part, so that was a plus. Inside were the rest of the gang; Tharja, Henry, Libra, Maribelle, Donnel, Vaike, Cherche, Sully, Nowi and Ricken. There were other familiar faces Chrom knew from school, but none he knew personally. They probably came from the cheer squad Cordelia and Sumia associated with. Along with them were presents for the redhead that was turning a year older.

The house was littered with decorations, food, and drinks. There were speakers that were not in use at the moment because music at this point in time would ruin the surprise party.

When Frederick got a call, he ordered everyone to settle down and be quiet as he turned off the lights; Lissa running to shut the curtains. Not a moment later, Cordelia's voice was heard speaking to her boyfriend. When they walked in, the cheerleader looked to have nearly jumped out of her skin when the lights came on with loud voices surprising her.

Turning to Stahl, she narrowed her eyes and pouted. "You weren't taking me out to only get my nails done. You were being sneaky!"

To which Stahl replied with a laugh and a peck to her forehead.

"They look happy," Robin piped up over the now playing music, "I was sure Stahl was going to get scolded for scaring her."

Chrom laughed and guided them to the tables holding food. "Who would be mad over a surprise party? Come on."

"What about you, hm? Your birthday will be coming up shortly too. Are you going to have another party?"

Chrom hummed, fixing himself a cup to drink. "I'm not sure. I don't want any repeats of last year."

Robin covered his mouth to laugh and Chrom thought it was one of the cutest things. "Yes, we really don't need a repeat o-"

"*Shhhhh!*" Chrom hissed, "While most people remember it, I don't want to bring it up. You promised we'd take that to the grave."

Robin smirked, his eyes playful. Chrom looked away to save his dignity and drank from his cup. Then, to save him, or not, Sumia's voice spoke up when the music was shut off.

"I think it's time we play Cordelia's favorite party game: 7 Minutes in Heaven!"

"Sumia!" Cordelia's voice whined, "That was a long time ago!"

The girl only giggled. "We're going to play it a little bit differently. Everyone, come get a blindfold!"

Sweating, Chrom looked over to Robin nervously. He looked a bit nervous himself, but not to far off was Lissa wiggling her eyebrows. It wasn't long before everyone had their eyes covered.

This could either go really good or *really* bad.

“Everyone, move around a bit. Slowly so that you don’t run into people!” Sumia requested, having a little giggle in her voice as she seemed to be edging her way around.

“Robin?” Chrom whispered, hoping his friend would be by his side. Sadly, he followed the rules and wondered around.

Gulping, Chrom did the same until Sumia hushed all the laughs and giggles and told them to be as silent as they can and hug the first person they touch while still moving. So, that’s what everyone did. Feeling thin fingers touch his back, soon followed by a hug, Chrom immediately knew it wasn’t Robin. Sumia gave a countdown for those remaining before allowing everyone to take off their blindfolds.

Tharja. Why him?

Though, to make himself feel better, she didn’t look all to happy to see Chrom either. Looking around, Chrom could see Sumia with Cordelia, Nowi with Henry, and Libra with Lissa. On the other side of the room was a very displeased Frederick with Sully, Cherche with Ricken, Maribelle with Vaike, Stahl with Gaius, and finally Robin and Donnel.

Chrom screamed internally.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

If you find Chrom's dignity, please present it to the "lost and found."

Chrom and Tharja stared at each other; Chrom of disbelief and Tharja's of disgust. His eyes darted back to Robin, giving him a helpless look. Though, the other male didn't seem to notice since he was too busy laughing with Donnel. Frowning slightly, he made to walk over, but was rudely grabbed and dragged instead.

"You," Tharja started darkly, her voice low and threatening, "Trade partners with me."

Donnel nearly jumped out of his skin. "W-who? M-me? Shucks, I'll be thinkin' that's against the rules!"

"Trade." She ordered, "Or else you could find yourself finding a nasty chemical reaction…"

"Tharja." Robin interrupted, "Don't scare him, please. He's only following rules."

"Yeah!" Sumia piped in, bounding over to the group with a spring in her step, "And since you tried to break them, I think you have to go first!"

Chrom visibly paled. This time, Robin was looking at him as he mouthed 'please.' He looked too amused with the current situation and only folded his arms, shrugging. They both held their eye contact, communicating silently, until it was interrupted by Sumia ushering them into the nearest closet.

Chrom attempted to prod at the girl's soft, understanding side. "Sumia, please, I'm claustro-!"

It would have worked. It really would have if it hadn't been for Cordelia slamming the door and guarding it. Now, the two teens stood awkwardly close to each other.

"Move," she hissed, shoving Chrom by the shoulder and pushing him into the wall.

Chrom gritted his teeth and tried to slide away to the corner to escape. The whole 7 Minutes in Absolute Agony resulted in much more shoves and threats of bodily harm rather than sensual kissing. When Chrom walked out, his hair was ruffled slightly just from it being rubbed against the wall, his cheeks red. Tharja came out looking fine.

A quick flash blinded Chrom for a moment.

"Oooh, Chrom, I didn't know you would actually do it with Tharja!" Nowi commented, giggling.

"Yes, it is rather surprising," came Frederick.

Shaking his head, distancing himself from the dark-haired girl, Chrom denied anything that had to do with Tharja. Just. No. "I wish it had been more pleasant," he huffed out.

But it was done. Great. Now he just had to wait for Robin and he could continue on with the merriment. The school prince took a seat next to Frederick on the chairs against the wall facing the

closet. The two friends chatted as they watched one pair went in and out, often amused by the outcome…

The joy Chrom had in that moment was quick to die when Robin and Donnel were up.

Now, Chrom was not a jealous man. When he was a child, he would often share things, many of which he held dear to his heart. He wouldn't fuss if he couldn't get something his sisters or friends had received. He was never jealous or envious.

Donnel took ahold of Robin's hand, his own shaking with either nervousness or embarrassment. Robin smiled, trying to reassure him, and led him into the closet.

Chrom was jealous.

At first, he thought he was mad. At what? Donnel grabbing the hand Chrom so desperately wanted to hold? For kissing Robin when he hadn't known him as long as Chrom had? For thinking it was unfair to do so? As Chrom continued these thoughts, the more and more he felt anger bubble inside. Then, almost immediately after, he felt guilty for thinking such a way.

It wasn't like they were together… It wasn't like *Chrom and Robin* were together…

It still didn't help the fact that Donnel was the first to get what Chrom had been wanting.

When the two came back out, Donnel was red faced, the beanie he had been wearing slightly askew with his hair ruffled. Robin only smiled awkwardly, his own cheeks flushed slightly. Chrom's chest tightened as he clenched his fists and narrowed his eyes.

"Chrom, is there something wrong?" his friend asked, breaking Chrom from the jealous thoughts returning to him, "The way you were just looking was the same when you are on the court during a match… but more serious."

"Oh, I'm fine. Just some unpleasant thoughts haunting me," he laughed, waving his hand as he stood.

Before Frederick could speak again, Chrom strode over to his white-haired friend. It was a little immature for the star basketball player to drape himself over Robin immediately when he came into range. Honestly, Chrom couldn't help himself. He just wanted Robin's attention.

When Robin's head turned to lock his brown eyes with Chrom's blue ones… Chrom knew he wanted that attention all the time.

"Chrom," Robin whined softly, straining under the man's weight, "Stop moping. Up…!"

The blue-haired teen only laughed when Robin attempted to shove him off unsuccessfully. When he finally felt like Robin suffered enough, he stood upright and set a hand on his hip. "So… How was Donnel?"

Robin turned to face him. "The kiss?" Chrom tensed. "It was something new, that's all I can say."

What was that supposed to mean…?!

Was he messing with him? Because Robin had that grin that said he was. Was he? Chrom was confused and very, very anxious to know.

"I hope you won't be planning anything like this are your party, Chrom," Robin joked, moving so that he could nudge him.

“Y-yeah, definitely not, haha… ha”

Chrom probably would if he somehow rigged the game so that he and Robin were paired. Lissa could probably set something up since she was devious that way and already had a knack for getting the two friends into awkward situations.

He didn’t know if Lissa was either the best or worst wingman.

Honestly, he was surprised she didn’t try and pull anything yet. Chrom made a face, glancing around as if calculating a thought. Perhaps she hadn’t been given the chance to… yet.

“Chrom, are you there?”

Said teen blinked and stared at Robin, who only smiled and chuckled softly, patting his shoulder. “What’s with that distant look? It’s a party, so what on earth are you thinking of to make that face?”

Chrom snorted. “You’re one to talk.”

Robin pouted. “I want nothing but the best for you, that applies to school acticities and birthday parties.”

“Robin, it’s regular outtings, not rocket science.”

When he went to retort, arms encircled both Chrom and Robin’s shoulder. Cordelia grinned at the two. “Thought you could get away, huh?”

Both males gave each other a look of confusion. Suddenly, they were both being dragged back to the closet by the strong woman. Seriously, did cheerleading do that to girls?

“Don’t play dumb! Lissa said you both cheated to get out of going in together! Scared?”

There it was. Chrom easily spotted blonde pigtails in the crowd of people. She was smirking and giving him a thumbs up.

Good or bad wingman…?

The two teens didn’t get much of a say in the matter since they were easily tossed into the small closet and locked in. Right now, Chrom started to sweat. The way they were carelessly thrown in had him pinning Robin against the far wall of the closet with his body and his body was acting up at a *very* bad time.

“S-so,” he sputtered, leaning back to allow Robin more room.

Robin adjusted himself to try and get more comfortable. “What was that all about?”

“I don’t know. Lissa is acting strange recently…”

“That she is,” the shorter agreed. Chrom couldn’t see him very well, but he could tell the other had looked up at him.

“Did you really kiss Tharja like this?”

Chrom made a face. “You know me well enough to know I would rather do anything but kiss her. I mean, no offense to her, but I just… not her.”

Robin laughed quietly, “I know, Chrom.”

“Did…” he started off quietly, nervous, “Did you and Donnel really kiss?”

Robin was silent, which set off alarms in Chrom’s head.

“It was a peck,” he admitted, “I think it was a spur of the moment thing. The rule of the game is to kiss. After, I suggested we messed his hair up a bit and play it off as if we did something.”

Knowing they didn’t go *full out* kissing made him feel a bit better… But the jealousy was still biting at him. “Why?”

“I wanted to see Nowi’s reaction. I know she’s had a crush on him for a while.”

“You… did that to see if she would react? Are you secretly playing matchmaker?”

Chrom couldn’t see, but he knew Robin was smiling. “Not really. I’m just giving small pushes.”

They went quiet, not really knowing what to say next. Chrom was just thinking about a hundred different things. The rising erection being in the top five problems.

He was so glad the darkness the closet provided shielded his flushed state. “So… Were you planning on following the rules this round?”

God, that came out dumb.

“You aren’t one for following rules… Not unless you twist them a bit in your own way,” Robin mused.

“But you are,” he retorted, his heart hammering against his ribcage.

“I guess that’s true.”

They fell silent yet again. Oh, god, Chrom made this awkward, didn’t he? He ruined everything.

“You wouldn't mind?” came Robin.

No. *Not at all.*

“Why would I? Some people do it to their friends.”

“But those people aren’t us.”

“Well, I mean… We *could* do it. I think we are comfortable with each other enough for it to be not awkward by the end of it.”

“That’s what I worry about.”

“I wouldn’t think any less of you.”

Quiet again…

Then, shuffling from Robin. Chrom felt hands press against his chest lightly as Robin pushed against him. Robin was obviously not worried about how this all seemed *much* more intimate than it needed to be, but Chrom was not oblivious. Nor was his body, and the touches Robin gave just made Chrom scream internally and heart beat erratically.

Chrom was now conflicted. He wanted to kiss Robin oh so bad. On the other hand, he would be returning to the party with a raging boner and leaving with no dignity. All thoughts came to a screeching halt when Robin's lips came into contact with his.

Dignity be damned.

Though, the kiss was short. Chrom was about to question why, but Robin was quicker.

"C-Chrom are you… h-hard?"

His dignity was damned.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Henry is useful in a time of need and Chrom is shit at catching.

Chrom's face flushed a dark shade of scarlet as he sputtered. Damn him and his hormones. Damn them for being in a closet. And most of all, damn this game.

"It's okay, Chrom. It's normal for-"

"It isn't normal to be stuck with an erection at a party," Chrom hissed, thoroughly embarrassed even with Robin's attempt to comfort him.

It was quiet again. Then, Chrom could hear sniffling. Was… Was Robin crying?! Had Chrom been too harsh? He didn't think Robin would get so offended. The thought of hurting Robin himself in any way brought shame and guilt.

"H-hey!" he gasped, setting his hands on Robin's shoulders, "I didn't mean to snap at you like that, I-"

"Times u- oh my god, what happened?!" came Cordelia.

Chrom could see Robin's face now that light had flooded in. It made him feel all the worse with how his eyes were red with tears and face flushed. Lissa came forward and poked her head around Chrom to see what was going on and gawked. "Chrom, what did you do?!"

Sumia joined the two now. "What's going on?"

"Chrom made Robin cry."

"What? What happened?"

One after another, people joined Cordelia at the closet to witness the drama that seemed to be unfolding. Chrom making Robin of all people cry? That was out of his character, assuming he did it purposely. Still, everyone was asking questions as to what happened, but it went ignored since Chrom was focused on Robin. After his tears were wiped, Robin looked up, eyes still a bit swollen, and smiled.

Chrom could only blink because of how fast he stopped.

"Sorry, everyone," Robin finally spoke up after a few tense moments, "I… It's…"

"Did Chrom do somethin'?" Sully called out from the back of the crowd, "Did you need me to knock a few senses into him?"

The man in question sputtered and tried to defend himself.

"No, no! Please, you don't need to go that far! It was nothing Chrom did! Not really, anyway…"

"What did he do, then?" Nowi asked with a tilt of her head.

Robin looked a bit hesitant, embarrassed even. He even tried to shield himself a bit behind Chrom. It would have been cute if everyone didn't want his head at the moment.

"I'm scared of the dark," he managed to get out after a deep breath, "I was fine with Donnel, but Chrom started to try and spook me and…"

"Chrom!" Sumia huffed, "That's not very nice! You two were supposed to be-"

"He didn't know. Can we drop the subject, please? It's kind of embarrassing…"

There was hesitation, but Cordelia and Sumia both sighed and went on to direct everyone back and try to manage the party back to its once lively state. Chrom waited for everyone to back off before pulling Robin off to the side. He made to speak once they reached a safe distance, but Robin beat him yet again.

"Are you alright now?" Huh, what? What was he talking about? Robin smiled, looking all too amused but also a bit sympathetic. "You had that problem…"

Robin didn't need to finish the sentence for Chrom to finally catch what he'd been dropping. "OH. T-that!" he gasped, quickly looking down to expect *the problem*. "It's... I'm okay."

"I'm sorry I made such a big scene," Robin apologized, looking off to the side, "I just wanted to help."

Oh god, Robin was too cute. And a life saver for the dignity and the respect of his friends he had remaining. "You did that for me? T-thanks, I guess. I honestly don't know if you saved me if Sully is threatening to take me down… Or Tharja silently planning to murder me."

A light laugh made Chrom perk up and blush. He had always liked the sound of Robin enjoying himself, especially if Chrom was the one who was the cause of it. It wasn't something Robin would notice, but whenever he a laughed at something particularly funny the tips of his ears would redden a bit or even accidently snort.

"Sorry about that. I may have just caused a bigger problem for you now."

"Don't worry about it. Just make sure my funeral goes along accordingly."

Robin laughed again, smacking Chrom's arm lightly. "You stop that! Tharja's smart enough to not murder you. Get you deathly ill, maybe, but not kill."

"I feel so much better," the blue-haired boy groaned, nudging Robin, "Seriously, are you scared of the dark?"

"I…" the shorter male trailed off. He blushed and looked down at his hands to play with his fingers. It was a habit Chrom noticed he'd do whenever he was even slightly nervous or embarrassed. "I actually am. I don't know, it could be a past experience I've had but I just don't like the thought of being alone where I can't see."

"Alone? So you'd be okay with monsters creeping up on you to keep you company?" Chrom teased, successfully making Robin snap his head up and stare at him with wide eyes.

"Don't say that. I'll cry again and I might really let Sully have a go at you."

Chrom waved his hands defensively. "Hey, no need to bring violence into this!"

The shorter huffed and crossed his arms. *Cute. He is so cute.* was all Chrom could think of. Robin

was still blushing ever so slightly with his bottom lip jutting out a bit in a pout. Had he had his scarf, Chrom knew Robin would use it in an attempt to somewhat cover himself. It was funny, really. Robin was good in front of a crowd. Amazing, even. He was able to sway almost anyone's decision to his own in a matter of time through speech. However, it was only around friends he was quite shy and even quirky.

Chrom had come to notice many of his little quirks and loved them. Whenever Robin studied hard or was focusing on a test, his tongue would poke out just slightly and remain that way until he was done. Robin hardly ever lied, but when he attempted to, he'd hiccup right after. Whenever he got excited, he fumbled with his words and bounced of the balls of his feet. He felt more comfortable in loose fitting clothes, not preferring the school's standard dress code for dress pants and button up shirts for boys, got sleepy and affectionate whenever he was hungry, talked in his sleep, baked whenever he was stressed, drool when-

"Chrom, you are staring again."

"Oh. Sorry. Right. Let's get back to the party."

Agreeing with him, Robin headed back to the main crowd gathered at the center of the room. It had been a fairly good time despite the closet incident. Chrom couldn't dance, but Robin of course coaxed him into doing so. Everyone had a good laugh at that sight. The cheerleaders got time to do a small show in honor of Cordelia, who was very touched at the whole thing. The cake actually went up in flames because Henry couldn't handle himself well with lighting candles and using all said candles on one cake. While Stahl went to go get a cake with Gaius, somebody thought it would be better if they attempted to make one in the kitchen.

When the two boys came back, they were met with Cordelia screaming and scrambling to get her phone, Frederick directing everyone away from the kitchen, Nowi crying and dirty with cake batter, Donnel and Ricken trying to comfort her, Robin trying to beat out flames with Chrom's shirt soaked in water while Chrom tossed cups of water, and Henry taking mouthfuls of water and spitting it into the flames on the stove. Vaike tried to help, but hitting a pan to the flames proved useless.

The flames were finally put out, so Cherche and Libra offered to help clean the kitchen while everyone else settled down. Maribelle scolded Nowi as she wrapped her hands in bandages, Donnel jumping to her defense she Nowi began to cry again. All in all, it was quite the party. Chrom, now shirtless, rested on the couch next to Robin, both tired from the sudden adrenaline rush they both went through.

Finally, when everyone did settle down and took a breather, they crowded around Cordelia sitting in front of her cake. The lights were turned off as they sang to her, the light of the candles illuminating her face. Chrom looked down at Robin, who was focused on the birthday girl, and thought the lighting suited him as well. Then, after a moment of silence for Cordelia to make a wish, she blew out the candles. Darkness lasted only for a moment before the lights turned back on and everyone cheered, fetching their presents to offer.

It was only for a moment… but when the candles blew out, he swore he felt a hand grasp his for a second before letting go just as quick. Just in time for the lights to come on. Chrom followed Robin to his gift, blushing and staring at his hand.

"And that is the importance of trust," their teacher, Flavia concluded. They would have called her by her last name, but she insisted they call her by her first, "Now, even in gym class we need to establish this. I've been seeing a lack of it recently. *Henry.*"

“Whaaat?” he whined playfully, “It’s not my fault everyone leaves their-”

Flavia held her hand out. “Enough. Chrom. Robin. Up here, please.”

They were in the middle of gym, doing their warm ups when their teacher walked and gathered them all around so she could give a speech about trust. She was right when she said there was a lack-thereof. *Someone* had been taking student’s items left in the locker room and hiding it in the strangest of places. That and they would go doing stuff to people while they weren’t looking and then blame it on someone else.

Chrom stood next to Robin, and quite frankly, he couldn’t take his eyes off his legs. Robin, when they usually changed for gym, wore baggy pants. Today, he had forgotten them at home when he went to wash them, so he had to use his ‘back up pair.’ It was a lovely sight to see Robin’s pale legs bare, the shorts stopping just below his thighs. They weren’t tight, but they certainly did show off more of his butt than his last pair.

“These two here,” Flavia started as she patted, a little too aggressively, both their backs, “Are the definition of trust! Always relying on each other and never letting the other down. Teamwork requires that. Now, Chrom and Robin, I want you guys to show your trust through a simple exercise, got it? You know what the Trust Fall is?”

A nod from the two of them

“Good. Chrom, stand behind Robin.”

“Got it.”

He did so. Bless Flavia for placing him here so that he could get a better view. He tried to be discreet with his stares as Flavia manhandled his arms so that they were in place to catch Robin. Robin crossed his arms over his chest, smiling and waiting to be instructed to fall.

“Alright… Now!”

Chrom wasn’t listening, his attention on Robin’s arse. It was nice and- *thump*. Robin, completely trusting Chrom, fell back even past the point of no return and ultimately landed on the floor due to Chrom’s distraction.

Chrom blinked, confused at first, but then blushed out of embarrassment.

“Chrom…?”

“*Chrom!*”

Shit.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Just a few scenes of Chrom being a dweeb.

Chapter Notes

School > Mall > Home because why not

"You just let him *drop?!*" Lissa gasped in disbelief before going into a fit of giggles, "Jeez, Chrom, you are so hopeless!"

The older of the two flushed, pressing harder than he needed to on his poor pencil. Currently, Chrom was stuck in his language class with his sister, who was poking fun at his embarrassing moment he had to go through last class. The situation was embarrassing enough with having dropped his best friend in front of the whole class after being praised by the teacher. It wasn't even just that- he was sure people saw Chrom staring at Robin's arse. If *that* wasn't embarrassing enough, then his half hard erection would do it. Thank god for his baggy shorts, but *oh god,* he had an oncoming erection in the middle of his class *in front* of said class.

Everyone mostly laughed, including Robin after the shock passed. Chrom apologized profusely, helping the albino up and holding his hand tight. Of course, Robin accepted his apologies, but questioned why Chrom had randomly zoned out and let him drop. To that, the boy couldn't reply honestly. *"Ah, yes, I was staring at your behind and admiring the view."* Yeah, *no.*

"Chrom, seriously, why not just come out with it?" Lissa asked as she propped her head up on her hand, leaving her assignment to be left undone.

Chrom looked around nervously, as if Robin would come out of no where and inquire who and what they are talking about. "It's just not that simple," he replied quietly. The class had been talking amongst themselves, but there had been more than one occasion where Chrom would be talking and someone would invite themselves to the conversation.

However, he didn't really appreciate when someone would be listening on a conversation, private or not, and jump in. Now, Chrom knew most of the kids here thought of him as 'popular,' so talking to him would be a big deal…? Chrom never did understand that, or rather, he didn't how he got that status. He played basketball pretty good and was okay academically. Better now that he had Robin helping him manage his time and focus, rather than Frederick giving Chrom all the work he had to on a time limit in an attempt to manage his time and work a schedule.

Lissa made a face. "It's not that big of a deal. Just walk up and tell him!"

It was Chrom's turn to make a face. "I can't just waltz up and *tell* him! That's not how I want to do it…"

The blonde leaned back in her chair with a huff. "Yeah, but at this point, you are going to die of

embarrassment before you even get to actually confessing."

Setting his pencil down, he brought his hands up to his face and rubbed with long sigh. "I'll deal with it. I'm working on it."

"Work faster," the girl shook her head, "It's starting to actually hurt to see you embarrass yourself all the time."

Chrom glared and flicked his eraser at her.

He told Lissa he'd make another attempt after school when he and Robin would study in the library after basketball practice. Practice went without any accidents, thankfully. He always got nervous when Robin actually attended and watched. And, apparently, Chrom was quite the ball hog every time he did. Chrom was sure no one but Frederick made the connection as to why that happened. It wasn't on purpose, honestly, it just kind of *happened.*

Then, finally, after grabbing a few drinks, the study session. Robin had been working on something for the science club after explaining and helping Chrom every now and then. Telling Lissa his plan that afternoon proved to be a bad idea because when he looked up to request Robin's attention, he could see Lissa in the hallway from over Robin's shoulder. From her spot at the window, she held up a sign reading: "Do it now."

Chrom narrowed his eyes and shook his head, mouthing to her.

"What are you doing?"

"Huh? Oh. Nothing. Say, help me on this problem?"

Robin leaned in to look and explain. Meanwhile, Chrom looked back at Lissa and made a 'shoo' motion. Lissa pouted and wiggled the sign, bouncing a bit. Seriously, at that rate, Robin would turn around, see the sign, and wonder what the hell was going on. Then, Lissa paused to write another thing on the back of the paper, flipping it when done. "Can't mess up here!"

He supposed that was true… But, leave it to him to somehow, someway, find something to ruin the moment. At this point in time, there was nothing… The library was nearly empty with it being after school hours and they were both pretty comfortable…

Chrom looked between Lissa and the person of interest. Lissa gave him an expectant look and waved the sign.

"Robin?" Chrom started off quietly, lightly tapping his pencil.

"Yes?"

The tapping got more intense. "I-I… W-well, you see, I think you-"

His pencil slipped from his fingers. It hit Robin's drink.

Down it went.

And as it went down, Chrom could see the sheer horror slowly creep onto Robin's face. The drink had spilt all over his work. Now, it probably would have been ok and a laugh it off type a situation if Robin hadn't worked on the papers for long.

But, apparently, he had. Judging by the dark look Robin had as he stared at his ruined papers, Chrom could accurately predict he fucked up again. “R-Robin....”

Robin looked up, the look never leaving his face. “Chrom, I… I need to go home.” The shorter boy of the two stood up, his chair almost falling back in the process, “I’ll… talk to you later.”

Chrom shrunk back in his seat, deflating a little. “Yeah. Okay.”

Robin took his ruined work and stomped out of the library, failing to notice Lissa and her hands smacking her face as he left the area.

The next day at school, Robin came in looking very tired and crabby.

During the week, Chrom invited Robin out to go to the mall- just the two of them. It was a date without it being said it was a date, right? The two walked around the large establishment and enjoyed talking about nothing and everything. Chrom didn’t bring up the papers he ruined during that library moment, but he did find out from people within Robin’s club that it was a very complex set of formulas and plans made for said club. He would never ask Robin about it because he really didn’t need that embarrassment.

As they updated each other, they of course stopped by various of stores to take a quick look at any of the upcoming fads and such. “That looks nice” or “I’d probably wear that” is what Robin would say occasionally. So, when Robin announced he would be going to the bathroom, Chrom had no choice but to take that chance to wander.

At one point of his quest, he passed by a shop for women. In the display case were various lingerie and Chrom knew it was a sin to stop and imagine Robin in said clothing. He rushed away from that store and did his best to avoid it the whole time.

Robin walked out, flicking his hands of the remaining water the hand dryer missed, looking up to find Chrom panting ever so slightly with several bags hanging on his arms. “Chrom… You know how I feel about you paying for me. ”

He looked up, face flushed as he ducked his head down a bit bashfully. “You needed new clothes anyway.”

The shorter teen made a face before sighing, shaking his head a bit as he patted Chrom’s shoulder. He looked up and offered a smile. “Appreciated, Chrom.”

Chrom felt his cheeks heat up more, his heart fluttering.

Robin later bought him a new set of headphones in return.

“CHROOOM!” Lissa cried out from the hallway before bursting into Chrom’s room.

Feeling the stomping and slam of the door, Chrom whipped around from his desk and slid his headphones off, throwing her a questioning look. “What is it, Lissa? I really have to-”

“Robin!”

Instantly on alert, the boy rose of his seat. “What? What’s wrong with him?”

Lissa frantically pointed to his window. “Look, go look!”

And Chrom did just that. Nearly ripping the curtains from their place, he threw them open in attempts to understand what made Lissa so unsettled.

There was Robin just outside of his neighbor’s fence talking. He had been talking to some blonde looking boy who Chrom couldn’t name. He wasn’t from around here and his neighbors had talked about taking part in a foreign student program. Overall, it looked to be pretty normal to him.

“Lissa, I don’t-”

“Just watch!”

So he did. Robin looked like he enjoyed the new company judging by his relaxed posture and willingness to laugh whenever the blonde got enthusiastic about something. It was when the unknown boy leaned onto the fence and got a little *too* close to Robin that made Chrom frown. Then he had the nerve to reach a little ways in to rub and pat his arm before they departed.

Chrom, for the rest of the night, was huffy and in a bad mood. He’d ask Robin about the stranger when he next saw him.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

chROM NO

Chrom squeezed his pencil tight, Sumia giving him a worried glance. As of now, Chrom wasn't really enjoying his morning. In his current class, where Robin would be usually be seated by him, he'd get to start the day wonderfully with him by his side and tackle assignments easily. But, it was impossible at this time. This assignment required partners, which would normally not be a problem, but being that *he* was here messed up the natural order of things.

The boy, Shulk, had Robin at his side, the two trying to quiet their laughter. They were behind him, so Chrom couldn't really tell what was going on… All he knew was that Shulk didn't sit right with him after witnessing him with Robin the day prior. Sumia wasn't a bad partner. She was, in fact, probably one of the people excelling in all her classes but gym. She was a good worker and was very patient with Chrom when explaining how to do the work. It frustrated him that he couldn't fully understand despite her efforts. With Robin, it seemed to stick with him.

Another laugh from Robin had Chrom digging his pencil down, brows furrowed. He knew it was petty to get like this. Hell, maybe yesterday's meetup was taken out of context. Robin didn't know Shulk, and Shulk didn't know Robin. Chrom had the upperhand; he knew Robin far better and there was no way he'd date someone he just met.

It was fine. His process of getting with Robin was not being threatened.

Totally not being threatened.

Robin had his attention on Shulk nearly the whole time up until lunch. When he was finally away and alone with Chrom, he was all he talked about. It was an odd feeling seeing Robin get animated about someone, someone that wasn't Chrom. It made Chrom feel… upset. Angry, even. Not at Robin, but that didn't stop him from directing some of his frustrations towards him. He didn't mean to, he really didn't. The feelings he hadn't felt since he was a toddler had him acting like such.

Walking through the halls, stopping Chrom's locker before they went to meet with everyone at lunch, Chrom slammed his locker shut, effectively making Robin stop speaking.

"If you really enjoy your time with him, maybe you should just stay with him," Chrom bit out, glaring at nothing in particular before turning on his heels and leaving Robin to be flabbergasted.

Immediately, Chrom felt his cheeks redden in embarrassment. When he got to his table with the others, he sat down and let his head fall onto the surface with a loud crack. Everyone went quiet, observing their friend moping. "So… Where is Robin?" asked Cordelia, frowning a bit when he replied with a groan.

She was about to ask again when Robin strolled up. "Hey, everyone. Is it alright if Shulk eats with us?"

Everyone but Chrom turned their attention to the newcomer, curious. Even more curious when Robin didn't settle in his normal spot next to Chrom, but rather sat by Tharja this time around. They didn't think much of it since they were too distracted with questioning the new boy. Shulk was sweet kid that everyone took a liking to. He even acknowledged Kellam, who was overjoyed by the attention. Chrom probably would have joined in had he not had these ugly feelings.

And the feeling continued to burn the longer he heard Robin and Shulk conversating when he wasn't being questioned by the others. Tharja even joined in when they began talking about science and theories, something Chrom never had happen since the girl straight up disliked him.

"What's with the moping, Blue?"

Chrom finally turned his head from the table to regard Gaius. "I'm not."

Gaius rolled his eyes and propped his head up. "Could have fooled me." He paused, then grinned. "Bubbles seems to be enjoying his time over there."

Chrom's mood darkened. "Yeah. Yeah, it's good that he is meeting new people."

"Not just anyone," he pressed, "A foreigner. I bet he really likes that accent. You know how Bubbles is with new things."

A hot flash of jealousy ran through Chrom, making him clench his fists and grit his teeth. Gaius took notice and held back a snicker. The sugar addicted peer knew of his friend's dilemma with Robin. How could he not? Lissa would complain about it to Sumia, so it was natural for Gaius to find out. Still, he did feel bad for his friend and his ability to crash and burn at any attempt he made with the albino.

"Say, want to stop by my place after school? Kinda need help with a project," he spoke up again.

Chrom gave him a look. "Why can't you get Sumia to help? She can help you far better than I could, probably."

"Nah, I've pestered her enough this week. She even said I should stop relying on her so much and stop procrastinating. Besides, you don't really look the mood to walk home with Bubbles and Shulk."

That was true. Shulk did live right next to Chrom, so assuming that he's take the same path, he really didn't want to deal with the guy. And until he apologized to Robin, he didn't want to have that awkward trip home either. "Alright… I'll do my best to help."

That brought a smile to Gaius' face. Patting Chrom's shoulder, he left him alone to mope some more before being dismissed by the bell. Gym was a little awkward, but went by without incident other than Henry being loud and wondering out loud why he and Robin were separated. The rest of the day played out alright if you didn't count Chrom's mood darkening whenever he saw Robin and Shulk together during their free time. His friends asked countless of times if he was alright, to which he replied everything was fine.

At the end of the day, Chrom slammed his locker shut and knocked his head against it as if that would ward off the jealousy.

"Woah, Blue, you have to stop doing that. I won't be able to use that brain of yours if you continue."

Sighing, Chrom stood straight and turned to Gaius. "Sorry. Let's go."

The other nodded and adjusted his backpack as he and Chrom made to leave the school area. “So, anything happen at school? How was your day?”

“Are you my sister now?” Chrom grumbled, staring at the ground.

“Ohh, not good it looks like. Didn’t resolve anything with Bubbles?”

“There isn’t anything to resolve. He is making a new friend, so that is fine.”

Gaius rolled his eyes. It was painfully obvious to him, and probably to the rest of the group, that Chrom was immensely jealous of Shulk. At least, he and Sumia caught on and had been discussing it. She thought it was kind of cute, yet worrying. “Right. Just don’t hit yourself anymore if we cross them.”

Chrom made a face but didn’t reply. He remained quiet and lost in his thoughts until they came across Gaius’ home. It was a fairly big house, not as big as Chrom’s, but decent and roomy. They passed his father snoring on the couch in the living room, his mother dozing off herself but managed a tired “welcome home.”

The project, Chrom found out, wasn’t too hard. In fact, he wondered why Gaius invited him at all. While he wondered the actual purpose of his assistance, Gaius waved a hand in front of his face, breaking him from his thoughts. “Huh?”

“I asked: Did you want to stay over? It is starting to rain pretty bad…”

Blinking, Chrom directed his attention to the nearest window. It was indeed raining, the clouds so dark that they were nearly black. Frowning, he considered the offer. He really didn’t want his sister to drive out to get him. Too dangerous. “Yeah, thanks,” he smiled, thankful, “I don’t think I want Emm to drive in this.”

“Understandable,” he nodded, crossing his arms, “You go call her. I’ll finish up.”

Emmeryn insisted that she could come get him, but Chrom declined, saying that he’d rather have her stay at home. After a stubborn battle between the two, Emmeryn finally backed down with a defeated sigh. On the way back to his friend’s room, Chrom vaguely wondered if Robin was with Shulk somewhere. The thought made his heart burn with envy.

Even while he and Gaius managed to find things to do, like play video games and chat, he still had his thoughts on Robin. He knew the comment he made was dumb and it made it all the more embarrassing to think about. Robin must have really been put off by it since he hadn’t tried to talk to him once. It was childish, even more so to put all the blame on the blonde boy stealing his best friend’s attention.

“Hey. Hey! Don’t break my controller!” Gaius squawked, nudging the other to get him to pay attention, “What are you thinking about that makes you destructive?”

“Nothing. It’s nothing.”

“Come on, Blue. We both know that isn’t true,” he sighed, pausing their game, “You’ve been like this since lunch. What happened between you and Bubbles anyway? I know you are jealous-”

“I’m not jealous!” snapped Chrom, but immediately regretted it and ducked his head, “I’m not.”

Humming, he leaned against his bed and studied Chrom’s tense and defensive form. “I think you are.”

“I’m not.”

Silent for a moment, Gaius finally spoke up. “I heard Bubbles say he’d date that other kid.”

”... What?”

“Oh, yeah,” he continued lying, “They apparently have a lot in common. Said Shulk is just his typ- oh god, are you crying?”

Chrom couldn’t help it. He was so upset and didn’t know what to do with his emotions. He was angry, but more upset at the prospect of Robin choosing someone over him at first glance. Which would be out of his character, but he argued with himself that they had a lot in common, apparently.

“Blue, I was lying. I was lying! Come on, don’t make me feel more bad…”

“Why would you lie about something like that?”

“You are so damn stubborn it isn’t even funny. Though, I think that little display did confirm my suspicions.” Chrom was about to asked what he meant, but Gaius continued, “If it makes you feel any better, Bubbles talks about you a lot, and I don’t mean in the normal sense.”

“Are you lying again?” muttered Chrom, his cheeks heating up.

Gaius waved his hands defensively. “Not this time, no. I swear. Bubbles goes off about you whenever you aren’t around. I overheard him gushing about you to that Shulk guy. Poor kid probably knows more about you than we do at this point.”

Chrom didn’t really know what to do with this information. It made him feel warm and comforted. Robin having him in mind all the time flattered him and gave him a reason to believe he might have a chance with him. He smiled at the thought.

“Feel better?”

“A bit…”

The rest of the night went pleasantly well, the ugly emotions Chrom had been sitting in all day being pushed off by the thought of Robin bragging about him to Shulk. He no longer tried to smash Gaius’ controller to bits and was more focused on his time with his friend rather than his own thoughts.

When they went to bed, Chrom took the floor next to Gaius’ bed and let himself rest, thinking everything would be alright the next morning.

Oh, how wrong he was.

That night, he dreamt of Robin and his slender body he had seen countless times in the gym changing room. Robin’s smooth, pale hands ran over Chrom’s body, mapping it out. Chrom mimicked the action and let his hands settle on his hips, staring up at the albino. Robin leaned down and whispered in Chrom’s ear before slowly crawling down his body.

“R-Robin…” he gasped, feeling hot and nervous.

He shivered when he was answered with a chuckle, hands slowly dipping closer to his arousal. It felt so real. The way his hands settled on his thighs, his lips teasingly brushing against his cock… He didn’t know how he’d handle it, but he knew this is what he wanted.

“Robin.”

Lips were suddenly around his length, making the darker haired male gasp and moan, his hands pushing against the bed so that he could prop himself and watch. But, within one blink, Chrom found himself removed from the much desired setting and placed in Gaius’ room staring up towards the ceiling.

With said friend poking his head over the bed, eyes wide.

Death by anything was much desired right at this immediate moment. A strong, familiar heat of embarrassment colored his cheeks as he stared at the other, remaining quiet.

“So… Do you need me to leave and give you a moment…?” offered Gaius, quiet and unsure. Really, he looked more amused than anything. “You really like Bubbles, don’t you? With you calling his name and all…”

“I’m going home.”

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Chrom does a good thing

The next day, whenever he passed him in the halls, Gaius would look at him knowingly and wiggle his brows. Chrom refused to look at the boy now, his face going red whenever they did manage to make eye contact. The only good thing that came from it was that he was able to clear his head a bit while he was with Gaius and recognize the foreign feeling known as jealousy.

But, now it was time for him to apologize for how he acted towards his friend. It had been out of character, especially towards Robin of all people, someone he thought very highly of and the only person he was overly fond of. Robin would forgive him, he knew, so he wasn't worried about that. The hardest part would probably be getting Robin in front of him. Even that wasn't that hard. Right?

The first class he had with Robin, he wasn't even able to attempt to turn his way to speak. There had been a test that morning and talking was strictly prohibited. Chrom would have talked to Robin before class started, but the albino arrived just as the bell rang with Shulk. The test had taken all of Chrom's attention, so much so that he hardly realized the bell rung for the next class. After rushing to scribble down his answers, he frowned when he realized Robin had already left.

He tried again during gym. Today, they were outside and doing group activities, luckily. Or so he thought. When he made to make Robin his partner, Robin already claimed to be Henry's partner before finding another group to do the activity with. Chrom's mood started to deflate, now seeing that Robin was purposely trying to distance himself.

Chrom thought he'd have better luck at lunch, but when he found that Robin wasn't at the table, he frowned. Even more so when Shulk was also missing. Gaius watched as he drank from his juice as Chrom huffed loudly and stomped away from the group. Everyone paused what they were doing, confused, while Sumia and Gaius looked to each other knowingly.

It didn't take long to find Robin, but when Chrom did, he wanted to throw a fit. Robin and Shulk were sitting under a tree, only a few students here and there, but otherwise alone. Robin looked comfortable, even when Shulk pulled him close so that they could get a picture together. The sight made Chrom start to feel jealous again and also think of the odd scenes from some of Cordelia's graphic novels focused on male relationships. The two then had both their phones out, offering it to the other and then laughing at whatever was on screen.

It made him feel sick. Chrom didn't like this emotion, how it seemed to burn him with every sight he took in of Robin and Shulk. It made him want to not apologize and instead complain. On top of it all, he wanted to cry and throw himself to Robin and give a hundred reasons as to why he should pick him over Shulk. But, instead, he had to act like a somewhat reasonable teenager who has full control over his emotions.

So, after drawing in a breath, Chrom marched over, starting to sweat the closer he got. "Robin," Chrom called softly watching both males look up from their phones. Robin looked indifferent to Chrom while Shulk frowned. Well, that didn't do anything to ease his growing stress. "Can I talk to you? Alone?"

There was a short pause, enough time for Shulk to glance over to Robin. “Sure,” he replied coolly, standing up and tucking his phone in his pocket, “I’ll be back, Shulk.”

“I’ll be here…”

Chrom nervously played with his hands as he followed Robin to where he wished to be. At that point, he realized he didn’t know what to say. He was sorry, yes, but Robin would probably like an explanation. ‘Ah, yes, forgive me, but I can’t stand seeing the sight of you with someone else. What was that? Clingy? Right, right…’ Yeah, Chrom couldn’t say that.

“Chrom?” Robin spoke up, now staring right at him.

Said boy snapped out of his thoughts, looking around to see that they were indeed alone. “R-right… Robin, I’m sorry for the other day. I really am. It was uncalled for.”

Robin stared before replying. “It was, yeah. I’ve never had you snap at me like that.”

Chrom bowed his head a bit, the cool breeze hitting his heated face, “I know. I’m sorry. You didn’t deserve it.”

“So then why’d you do it?”

The taller gulped and fidgeted around. Did this mean he’d have to explain how he had more than a little crush on him? He didn’t think of that and he wasn’t sure if he was ready to say it right now. Hadn't prepared himself enough to do it. “H-how do you feel about Shulk?”

Robin gave him a look. “... He’s a good guy. Funny and very easy to talk to. He talks about his girlfriend a bit too much, but I guess that’s expected if you miss someone you love.”

Chrom kind of zoned out after that. Shulk had a girlfriend? He could have laughed at how entirely stupid this all was now. Robin kept talking, but there was no more validation needed. A big weight had been lifted off his chest and Chrom could finally feel comfortable with the idea of Shulk being around.

“Right,” Chrom breathed after Robin finished his response, “I guess… I was afraid of him taking my best friend away, haha!”

Again, he gave Chrom a look. “Really? Are you serious?”

“Completely.” It wasn’t a lie.

“Chrom, you know that could never happen,” he sighed, but then smiled a little after.

“I don’t know about that…”

“You know too many of my secrets,” Robin said with a straight face. Chrom laughed and shook his head, making Robin laugh quietly in return, “But really, remember what you said at your party?”

“Don’t say it.”

“You are the wind at my-”

“Robin!” Chrom whined, which made Robin stop to laugh.

“You are too funny, Chrom,” he sighed, looking to be more relaxed, “Thanks for apologizing.”

Chrom nudged him a bit and encouraged him to follow him back to the rest of the lunch-goers. "I'm happy to do it. It felt lonely without you having to help me through my homework."

"I hope you have it all done…"

"I got it done, don't worry. Believe it or not, I can do it by myself from time to time."

"I'll remember that for when you beg me to help you next time."

The darker haired student pouted but said nothing. Instead, he enjoyed his peaceful walk back to Shulk, where they picked him up before going to their usual spot with everyone else, who all greeted them upon arrival. There were a few questions tossed their way, which Chrom replied with he had to apologize for something stupid and left it at that. If he went into detail, it would probably make Shulk feel bad or something of the sort and Chrom really didn't want to do that to him.

The rest of the day was a breeze after lunch. The rest of his classes seemed less long and distracted without the thoughts of Shulk and Robin. Gaius, when he did approach him later, said Chrom should take this as a lesson and not put off his own love confession. To which he turned bright red, Gaius patting him on his shoulder.

"Don't worry, Blue. Everyone already knows you like him, so don't let that bother you."

Just how much of everyone was *everyone?!* He wanted to ask, but the walking cavity had already departed to go talk to Stahl. Chrom was left to stand there in the hallway in his own thoughts for a bit. Was he that obvious? How many people caught on? What did they think? Well, Gaius said not to worry about it, so that must mean they were okay about it, right…? As new thoughts stirred, the more upset he got.

Well, he finally concluded, as much as he didn't want to lose any friends… He'd have to deal with it if he was serious about Robin. Which he is. Said boy came into view, smiling at him as he waved and made towards Chrom. That only strengthened his resolve.

Chrom adjusted his backpack as he walked with Robin out of the school, listening to him chatter about whatever he thought was interesting today. He wasn't listening as attentively as he usually did, having his own thoughts distracting him. Blue eyes glanced over to the happily chattering albino. Robin was always attractive, even more so when he had a smile on his lips like he did now.

Gaius was right when he said Chrom shouldn't wait to confess any longer.

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Just fuckin ask Chrom

Chapter Notes

What is with me posting updates at ungodly hours

Chrom fell back into his old routine after apologizing to Robin. It was normal again. Shulk related stress free. Not all stress, but at least that one wasn't a thing to worry about. No, now Chrom found Gaius' words picking at his thoughts. The fear that once took him boiled down to curiosity.

Just who knew about Chrom's obvious infatuation with Robin and how were they taking it?

He glanced over to Robin, finding him staring at the sheet given to him. He was thinking, but it wasn't the look he got when doing work. Robin was spending time thinking about something else. Rare given that this was the time to work in class. Chrom guessed he'd do it at lunch after class if he was distracting himself.

Looking over again, he found Stahl chewing on his pencil, looking uncomfortable while he stared holes into his worksheet. Carefully leaning over, trying not to disturb Robin's thoughts, he tapped Stahl on the shoulder, making the other jump a bit. By now, most people have taken to talking rather than working, so Chrom thought if he was quiet enough, he outta be safe…

"Listen," he started off slowly, looking every which way to make sure no one was focused on them, "Do you… think I act strange around Robin?"

Stahl blinked at the question, confused. Then, he looked conflicted. "Er…"

"I want an honest answer. Do I?"

"You stare at him like I do with food. Or Cordelia."

Chrom would have laughed, but was too busy being embarrassed. He felt his cheeks heat up as he scratched the back of his head nervously. "That bad, huh…? I thought I was doing well to hide it."

Stahl smiled and chuckled quietly. "You are very honest with your feelings, even when you try hard to hide it."

"How, uh… How many of the others noticed it?"

He hummed in thought and tilted his head a bit, folding his arms. "Well, I think a majority of us caught on. Just from looking at you two."

“Just from loo- wait, two?” Chrom paused for a moment and looked over his shoulder. Robin was still undisturbed. “Do you mean Robin?”

A blink. “Well, yeah. You haven’t noticed?”

“N-noticed what?” Chrom gulped, now having trouble controlling his voice and breathing.

“Well-” he stopped when the bell rang to free them from class. Stahl wasted no time to jump up, grabbing his things before rushing to the lunchroom, no doubt to be the first to hop in line to get the more fresh servings of whatever was being served.

Chrom felt like he could yell out loud due to his compressed frustrations. What was Robin doing that he didn’t know about? Better question: Did Robin like him? The thought of it made him wheeze and struggle to breathe. Somehow, he managed to stand up and waddle his way to lunch with Robin. When they sat down, he hadn’t realized he had been staring at Robin so intensely until Gaius asked if he and Robin were ok.

Chat around the table was normal. Shulk had arrived late, but everything was good. While everyone was having a good time, Chrom was left with the gnawing curiosity that was Robin’s hints of affection. Stahl said most knew, but Chrom wondered who would be more likely to give him more details…

His gaze around the table settled on Tharja, who was taking Robin’s attention. She had always had a particular liking towards him, to the point of stalking him at school at one time. Whether she still did or not was a mystery. Despite that, Robin was on good terms with her and talked to her regularly with them being in the same club and all…

Surely she would shed some light on things… If she decided to tell him, that is.

So after lunch, Chrom told Robin he’d catch up with him soon and ran off to find Tharja. He was a little worried since she wasn’t all too fond of him, but hopefully she’d have a heart. One that didn’t want Chrom to be poisoned.

“Tharja!” he spoke up once he neared her. He flinched a bit when she turned and coldly stared at him, annoyed.

“What is it?”

“I want to know… Does Robin look at me differently? Does he act different?”

“Shouldn’t you know that?” she scoffed, “You are around him all the time.”

“I know!” Chrom almost whined out, “I think I am missing something. Stahl said he noticed Robin…”

“Robin what?”

“I don’t know! He didn’t explain it to me. Just hinted that Robin was, I don’t know, looking at me differently? I was kind of hoping you could tell me something.”

Tharja stared at him, eyes narrowed. Chrom held his breath and waited for an answer. Any answer would do.

“Maybe you should ask him yourself.”

Not that answer.

“Tharja, please,” he tried, “I don’t want to risk what I have with Robin by asking…”

She shrugged and started picking at her nails. “If you like him that much, then just take the risk.” A pause. She looked up. “Unless you don’t.”

“I do!” Chrom nearly squeaked out, blushing once more, “I just-!”

“I’ll tell you this,” Tharja interrupted, her eyes boring into Chrom’s, “And I’ll only tell you just for Robin’s benefit, got it?” Chrom nodded and waited anxiously. By now, everyone else had filed into their given classes. “Robin finds you... appealing.”

At that moment, Chrom stopped breathing as Tharja turned and left him alone. He probably would have fainted if his body didn’t force him to intake some air. That meant Robin liked him, right? If he found Robin attractive, and Robin found him attractive, then- then…! Unless, he could totally acknowledge beauty when he saw it, which he does, and just meant it as a compliment. Was he overthinking this? Yes. For a good reason, he thought.

Chrom was slow going back to his class, sweat forming the more he thought about the likelihood of Robin dating him. Thinking about holding his hand for real made him shake and flush. Just as he rounded the corner, he bumped into Shulk, who grunted upon impact.

“Oh, sorry, Shulk!” Chrom apologized before pausing and setting his arms on his shoulders, “Shulk!”

The blonde jumped, frowning a bit. “W-what? Can I help you with something?”

“Maybe! Does Robin talk about me?”

“Don’t you have class? I really need to use th-”

“Shulk, my life depends on your answer. Please, have mercy on me and tell me something.”

Shulk scratched the back of his head and looked away, conflicted. “Well…”

“Well…?”

“Robin…” he smiled fondly, “He certainly can talk when it comes to you or science. Anything else, he just listens and responds when he is talked to. At least, that’s what I’ve noticed…”

Chrom bit his lip. “Anything else? Has he said he… ya know, likes me? I mean, that’s ok with you, right? This whole subject?”

Shulk waved his hand dismissively and grinned. “No, I’m completely alright with it. I’m not one to judge someone on who they like. As far as what Robin says, I think you should ask him.”

“Agh!” The taller one threw his hands up and grabbed at his hair, “Tharja said the same thing! I can’t! I don’t want to-”

“You won’t regret it. I swear.”

As much excitement he was currently feeling, it also came with crippling fear. The fear of messing up. And to be honest, it was irritating not getting a straight answer from anyone. He wanted to be absolutely sure Robin returned his feelings before he attempted to drop the question again. Chrom didn’t know how he might react if he was rejected or pushed away. It hurt to think about and he sure as hell didn’t plan on making that a reality.

“C-Chrom… Can, ah… Can you let go of me now? Your grip is starting to hurt.”

Snapping from his thoughts, finding his fingers curling more into Shulk’s shoulders, he immediately apologized and stepped back. Even then, he still wasn’t all there; his mind too occupied.

“I’m serious about asking Robin yourself. I think you’ll be happy.”

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